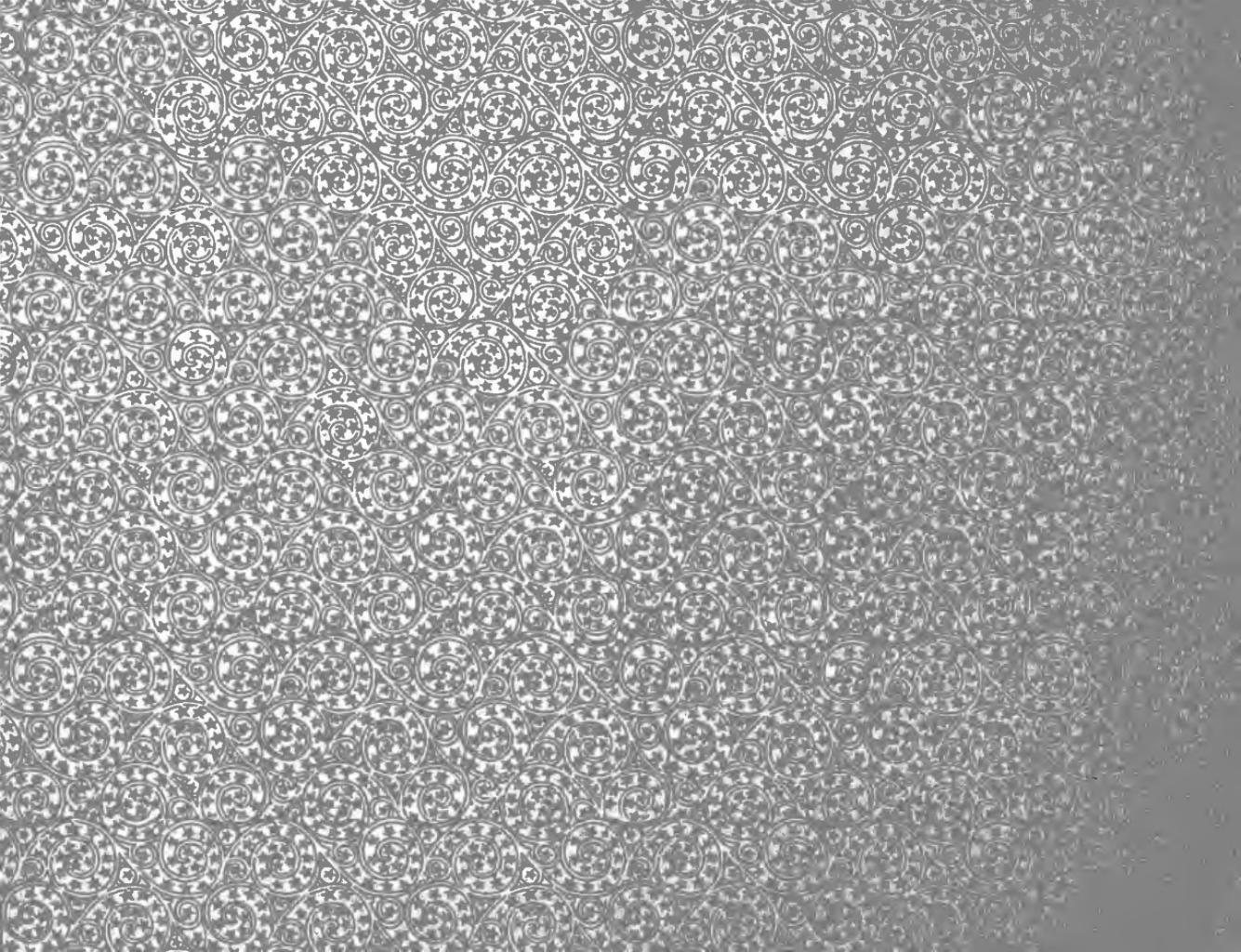
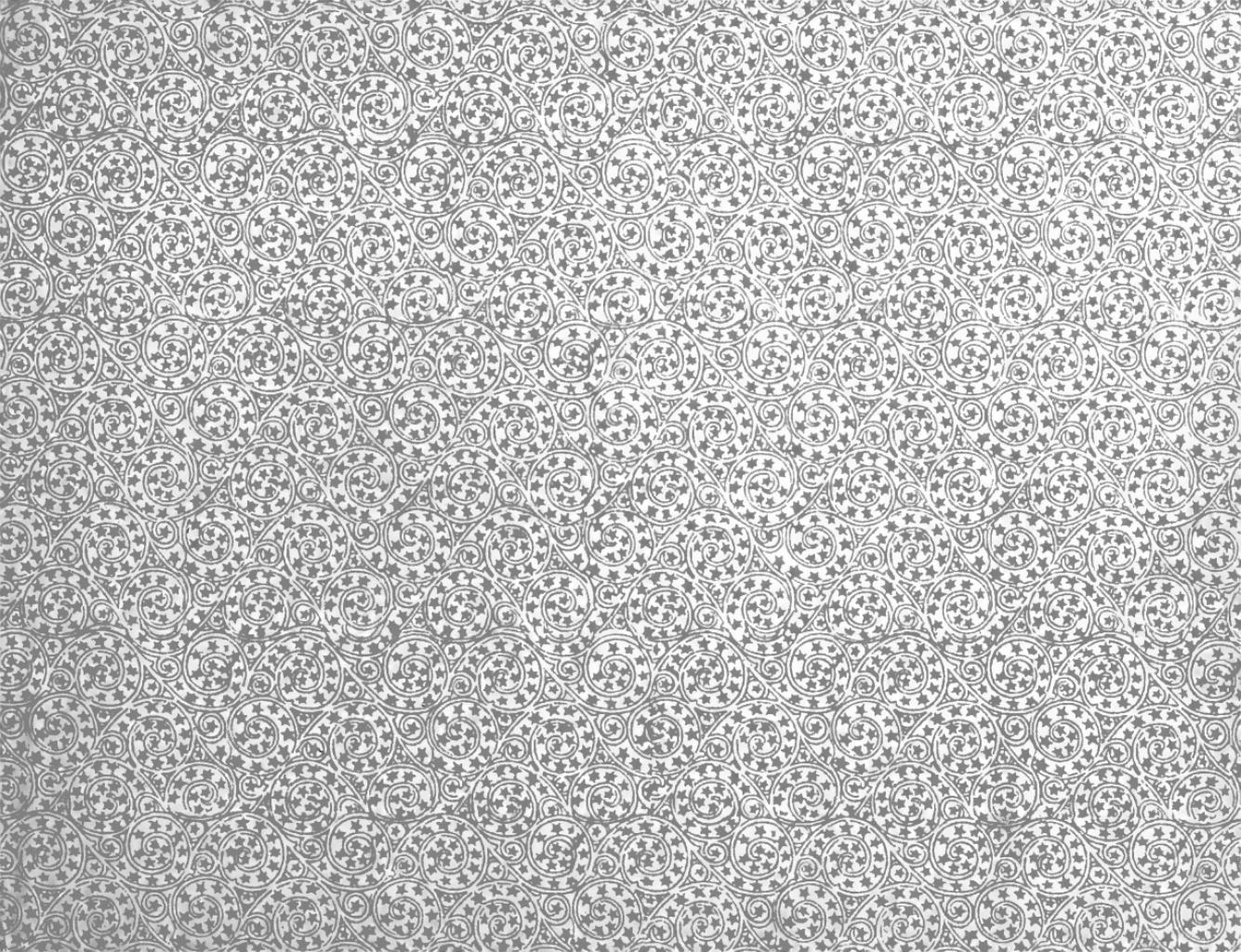


•Normal Light•







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NORMAL LIGHT



1899

PUBLISHED BY THE SENIOR CLASSES OF THE STATE FEMALE NORMAL SCHOOL
OF VIRGINIA





To the Memory of Dr. John A. Cunningham
this book is lovingly and respectfully dedicated.



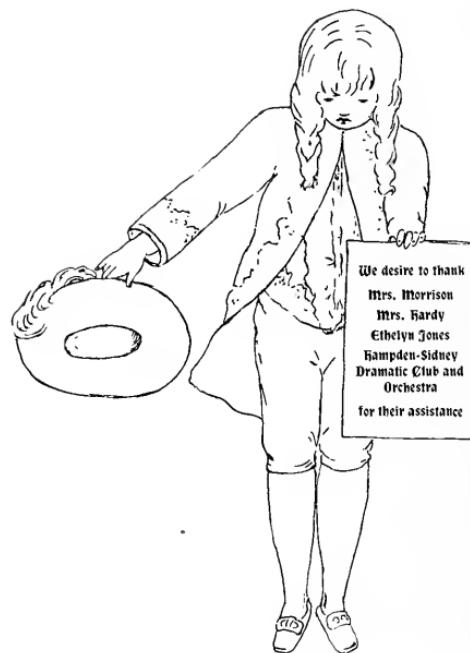
The Toast

1.

My friends, just one toast ere we part for the night,
Come drink it with hearty good-will,
To the brim, with red wine, ruby sparkling and bright,
Our glasses in haste let us fill.
Now, here 's to our colors, the white and the blue,
Let the shout resound through the hall;
All hail to the white, all hail to the blue,
All hail let us cry, one and all.

11.

Bright fame to our colors, 't is said of a truth,
There 's a meaning in white and in blue,
The white is the symbol of purity, youth,
And the blue is the badge of the true.
So up with each glass, let the echoes reply,
Loud the sounds ring forth on the night;
All hail to our colors, all hail, the glad cry,
Forever the blue and the white.



We desire to thank
Mrs. Morrison
Mrs. Hardy
Ethelyn Jones
Hampden-Sidney
Dramatic Club and
Orchestra
for their assistance



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STATE FEMALE NORMAL SCHOOL.

The State Female Normal School, 1884-1899.

In this year, 1899, nearing the close of the century, when all the world is engaged in looking back, comparing present things with past, what has been accomplished with what in early years was promised, it were well for us, about to complete the fifteenth year of the life of this institution, to trace step by step its development, to call to mind the purpose of its establishment in order to judge whether that purpose is being fulfilled, and to do honor to those whose brain conceived and put into operation the project, and to those who have borne its burdens to the present day.

To Dr. W. H. Ruffner and Dr. J. L. M. Curry undoubtedly belongs the credit of the Normal School idea in Virginia. Dr. Ruffner, as Superintendent of Public Instruction in the State, hav-

ing already rendered most valuable aid to education by his advanced and correct ideas and his masterly reports, felt the need of teachers specially trained for work in the public schools if the schools were to be really important factors in the elevation of the people. Dr. Curry, as agent of the Peabody Fund, was able to give very material aid financially, and besides, gave what was, if possible, of more value, his able mental and moral support.

The result of these efforts was the action of the Virginia Legislature at its session of 1883-84, establishing a State Normal School expressly for the training of white female teachers for the public schools.

That the school was located in Farmville was due to the fact that the town offered to give the

State for this purpose a building formerly used as an academy and this offer was warmly supported by men of such character and prominence as Dr. W. H. Ruffner, Rev. James Nelson, D. D., then pastor of the Baptist Church in Farmville, now president of the Woman's College, Richmond, and Dr. W.

H. H. Thackston, at the time mayor of Farmville and most anxious to further any enterprise that would promote its interests.

The Act of the Legislature establishing the Normal School, carried with it an ap-

propriation of five thousand dollars for buildings and necessary expenses in the beginning and ten thousand dollars annually to maintain it, with the following board of trustees: W. H. Ruffner, J. L. M.

Curry, R. M. Mauyl, C. R. Holland, L. A. Michie, J. L. Buchanan, F. N. Watkins, G. O. Conrad,



DR J. L. M. CURRY.

W. E. Gaines, W. W. Herbert, John B. Minor, C. S. Armstrong, H. H. Harris, James Nelson, and ex-officio, State Superintendent, R. R. Farr.

At a meeting of this board held a few weeks later, in Richmond, Dr. J. L. M. Curry was elected president of the board, Dr. J. L. Buchanan, vice-president, and Judge F. N. Watkins, secretary, while Dr. W. H. Ruffner was induced to become principal of the new school, giving to it the benefit of his wide knowledge of the needs of public schools and his unusual intellect. At a meeting of the board held September 7th, 1884, it was resolved to open the school October 30th, following, although, to quote Dr. Ruffner's words, all they had was a principal, an appropriation, a rough scheme and an old academy building. Not a teacher, nor a book, nor a piece of apparatus or furniture. But with Dr. Curry at the head of the board and Dr. Ruffner at the head of the school, its success was assured. The first step was to secure teachers which was no easy matter, as teachers in a normal school must be specifically trained for their work. There being in Virginia at this time few people familiar with the organization and methods of normal schools, Dr. Ruffner was authorized to seek in the North three persons suited for the position of instructors

and his nominees were at once elected by the board. To this number were added two ladies from the South who had had experience in teaching in the best public school systems. So, at the appointed time, in spite of the discouraging outlook six weeks before, the school was opened with Dr. Ruffner, principal, Miss Celeste E. Rush, of Connecticut, vice-principal, Miss Brimblecomb, of Boston, teacher of vocal music, Miss Lillian A. Lee, of Connecticut, teacher of mathematics and drawing, Miss Pauline Gash, of North Carolina, teacher of English, and Mrs. C. T. Bartkowska, of Richmond, teacher of the preparatory school.

The course of instruction adopted embraced elementary courses in English, Arithmetic, Algebra, Physiology, Physics, United States History, Geography, Penmanship, Drawing and Vocal Music. To them were added Lectures on School Economy, Methods of Teaching and Psychology, the whole course of study, subject-matter and methods, covering a period of two years.

The first year there were accommodations for forty-four boarders. The attendance was one hundred and seven, and three graduates. The second session there was a slightly larger attendance, and eight graduates, among whom were

Miss Celestia Parrish and Miss Madeline Mapp, both afterwards teachers in the school, and now both members of the faculty of the Randolph-Macon Woman's College, Lynchburg, Virginia. At the beginning of the second session a "model school" was formed and placed in charge of Miss Clara W. Miner, a graduate of the Teachers' College of New York City.

In 1886 the school was incorporated by the Legislature, under the name of the State Female Normal School, and an appropriation of fifteen thousand dollars made for additional buildings. For three years the increase of students and graduates was steady, and the teachers did their work so well that the school became favorably known throughout the State.

In 1887, Dr. Ruffner resigned to resume the work of geologist, which he had laid aside in order to undertake the organization of the school, and Dr. John A. Cunningham, was elected to succeed him. Dr. Cunningham was at the time engaged in work in the public schools of Richmond, which fitted him peculiarly for the duties upon which he now entered.

The course of study, in pursuance of the plan already outlined by Dr. Ruffner, was extended to cover three years, two of academic

work, and one year entirely professional. The model school was converted into a school of practice, in which every member of the Senior class was required to teach daily, her work being carefully supervised by the several teachers of methods, and by an experienced teacher placed in charge of the practice school. To carry out this plan, the faculty was increased in number, the academic work extended to embrace Trigonometry in Mathematics: Latin and German were soon added; Ancient History was included; good courses in Physics, Chemistry, Astronomy and Botany outlined, and the English course extended to cover the ground usually covered by the English courses in the best secondary schools.

The Legislature of 1888 appropriated fifteen thousand dollars for additional buildings; that of 1890 increased the annual appropriation to twelve thousand dollars; that of 1894 still further increased the annual appropriation to fifteen thousand dollars besides giving five thousand dollars for additional buildings. The school has also received aid from the Peabody Fund of sums varying from one thousand dollars to fifteen hundred dollars per annum.

With these sums, the course has been extended from time to time. Shorthand and type-

writing, as a department of industrial work, and French have been added in the last few years, laboratories for instruction in Physics, Chemistry and Physiology erected, adequate apparatus for the needs of the school purchased, and the foundation of a good working library begun, the capacity of the building enlarged so as to accommodate more than one hundred and fifty boarders and many comforts added. At the close of the session of 1897-98, we could number, including the practice school, three hundred and fifty-two pupils and three hundred and fifty-one graduates.

In the fifteen years of the existence of the school, there have been four presidents of the board of trustees, viz: Dr. J. L. M. Curry, to whom the school owes much, General W. B. Taliaferro, Colonel J. P. Fitzgerald and Hon. Robert Turnbull. Dr. Curry, having done what he could for the establishment of the school, resigned the presidency of the board after one year of service, though he remained a member some years longer. General W. B. Taliaferro gave his heart's true affection to the institution from the time of his election in 1885 until a few weeks before his death in 1898. It was his boast that he never missed a meeting of the board of trustees and it was his greatest pleasure to feel

that he was assisting in the growth of an institution he so much loved and in whose future he had such faith.

Colonel J. P. Fitzgerald, elected in January, 1898, was called away by death in June of the same year. The value of Colonel Fitzgerald to the school can not at all be measured by the length of time he held the highest office in connection with the institution. He had been a member of the board since 1886, and no one more truly considered the interests of the school than he, none could be more sympathizing and helpful in times of perplexity and distress. Being a resident of Farmville and a skilful lawyer, naturally all knotty questions were carried to him and during the months the school was without a president his presence was invaluable.

Hon. Robert Turnbull, elected October, 1898, is at this time president and we trust may long be spared to give us the benefit of his wisdom, wide experience and unflinching integrity. There is now on the board only one of the original trustees, Dr. James Nelson, of Richmond. There have been three presidents of the school. Dr. Ruffner, the first, truly the father of the institution, sowed the seed but did not wait to see the ripening grain. Dr. Cunningham, com-

ing soon after its organization, endowed with remarkable intellectual powers, much special knowledge of the needs of public schools and an energy and ability to lose himself in his work, rarely seen, accomplished in ten years what, with most people would have required twenty. To him the school owes pretty much all that it is to-day. It was he who bore its burdens; fought almost alone, its battles, planned its work, with his far-seeing mental vision, building it up on lines he felt would accomplish great results in the future. It has been said of him lately by one who has spent twenty years and more in the interests of education that Dr. Cunningham was the most advanced educator and thinker he had found anywhere in the South. Great as was his intellectual influence, it was not so great as the lessons of unselfishness, kindness and honor that were learned from his daily life and familiar conversations. In the fall of 1897, he was suddenly called from his labors, and in December of the same year Dr. Robert Frazer was elected to succeed him. Dr. Frazer, a Virginian by birth and a graduate of the University of Virginia, was at the time of his election, president of a large normal school and industrial institute in Columbus, Mississippi. Having been nearly all his life con-

neeted with schools, knowing much of life, with a mind well stocked, of earnest purpose and unbending principle, he is well prepared to lead on to yet higher things, the school begun by Dr. Ruffner, put on a firm basis by Dr. Cunningham, and every true friend of the institution must feel assured of its success in the future even more, if anything than in the past: especially as Dr. Frazer is ably supported by a faculty well qualified by natural ability and by years of study and experience. These include graduates of Vassar, the Peabody Normal School at Nashville, the Oswego Normal School and those who have continued their studies at Harvard Annex, the Woman's College, Baltimore, and Cornell University.

Such, in brief, is the history of the School, but no mere outline work like this can give an adequate idea of the life of an institution, for it is like the growth of a soul seeking high things and advancing by small degrees through inward struggles and outward contests. Compared with other like institutions in other States our growth has not been rapid, but when we consider that

our highest annual appropriation has been fifteen thousand dollars while the lowest to any other State institution has been twenty thousand, and our highest special appropriation has been fifteen thousand and the first appropriation for an outfit to the colored normal school was one hundred thousand dollars; when we consider also the extreme slowness of conservative Virginia to adopt new ideas, especially in woman's education, we have reason to be proud of our advance and feel that our fifteen years of life represent far more than an aggregation of brick and mortar, but the steady growth of more liberal ideas of education in our State, with the promise of much better things hereafter.

Our girls go out—twenty, thirty, forty, every year. It is impossible for them not to take with them some of the lessons of earnestness, patience, and truth daily instilled into them here, thus extending immeasurably the influence of the School, fulfilling to the utmost the hope of its founders and carrying out the purpose of its establishment.

Faculty of Instruction.

¹ ROBERT FRAZER, PRESIDENT.

Psychology.

² VIRGINIA REYNOLDS.

Physiology and Geography.

³ MARTHA WILLIS COULLING.

Drawing and Form. Librarian.

⁴ MINNIE VAUGHAN RICE.

Latin.

⁵ MARY FREDERICA STONE.

Grammar and Composition.

⁶ S. GAY PATTESON.

Mathematics.

⁷ FANNIE TALBOT LITTLETON.

Physics and Chemistry

⁸ LELIA JEFFERSON HARVIE.

Assistant in Mathematics.

⁹ LULA O. ANDREWS.

Vocal Music and Physical Culture.

¹⁰ SARAH PRITCHETT.

Stenography and Typewriting.

¹¹ EDNA VIRGINIA MOFFETT

History and English.

¹² ESTELLE SMITH ~~Mc~~ *Mc*

French and German.

¹³ MRS. SADIE J. HARDY.

Principal of Practice School.



FACULTY OF INSTRUCTION.

Domestic Department.

MRS. PORTIA L. MORRISON,	<i>Head of Home.</i>
MISS SARAH P. SPENCER,	<i>Assistant.</i>
MRS. MAGGIE QUIGLEY,	<i>Housekeeper.</i>
MR. B. M. COX,	<i>Steward.</i>
DR. PETER WINSTON,	<i>Attending Physician.</i>



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The Sions Co.
E. M. R. & Co.
R. & Co.

DOMESTIC DEPARTMENT.

Class of February, '99.

Colors.

Purple and Gold.

Motto.

Auton.

Flower.

Red Carnation.

Officers.

PRESIDENT,	NELLY CUMMINGS PRESTON,
VICE-PRESIDENT,	LUCY ELIZABETH WRIGHT,
HISTORIAN,	JULIA WHEDBEE VAUGHAN,
PROPHETESS,	CARRIE BROWN TALIAFERRO,



CLASS OF FEBRUARY, '99.

THE STUDIO
ESTD. 1871
ALICE
YOUNG



Once upon a midnight dreary,
As I pondered, weak and weary,
Over Martin big, and Baldwin,
Over Brookes and White and Ray ;
As I nodded lower, slower,
To my then abundant store
There was added one book more—
And I sighed in deep dismay.

On the cover, purple, golden,
On the back in letters older,
Every spiral fraught with menace,
Was the one word, Destiny.
I, with invocation stilling
All the fears my bosom filling,
Oped the book with hand unwilling,—
It was our class prophecy !

Lucy Wright ! As such none knows her,
A white-robed bride the first page shows.
Gone are thoughts of teaching, missions,
Music and philology.
What has wrought this change surprising ?
And why hides she this disguise in ?
This is what the secret lies in,—
Studying JAMES' Psychology.

The scene has changed. Again I gaze in
Wonder at a sight amazing.

Standing at a surgeon's table

From which seems to come a groan,
Is a maiden firm, undaunted,
Giving chloroform when wanted,
Proving woman's progress vaunted,

This is Dr. Featherston.

Journeying far from home to heathen
Lands across the ocean, see then,
Sowing seeds of Gospel teaching,

Our sweet classmate, Julia Vaughan,
Casting off the iron fetter
Paganism allotted, better
Portion giving women; let her
Bring the high noon after dawn!

Lelia Agnes Scott, the greatest
Of our class, methinks thy fate is
Well to fill the chair of science
In some college far away.
And at night with eye unfailing,
Watch the bright ethereal sailing
Of the moon, till moonbeams paling,
Warn of the approach of day.

Science walks *here* a dim spectre.
Art has seized her disused sceptre,
Placed it in the hand of
Lily Carter, and at home,
Read me oft, with admiration,
And behold with acclamation,
Pictures that with fascination
Hold that artist city, Rome.

As with soft melodious chiming
Silver bells delight us, rhyming,
Rhythrical and mystic, charm us,
Proves that laurels green may rest on
One fair head with grace and fitness,
To her genius bearing witness,
Genius shown in songs of sweetness
By our poet, Nelly Preston.

Sallie Jackson Michie, baby
Of our class! Ere long an A. B.,
Will be seen as proud appendage
Of the prouder name you bear.
For in Nashville's halls of learning
Now you stay, with ardor burning
And you think of not returning
Till the wished-for prize you wear.

On the stage in dress resplendent,
A crowned queen, a "star," transcendent
Lightly trips the gifted actress,

Lucy Thornton's favorite part
Is the gentle maiden Juliet.
I'm afraid that us she'll fool yet,
Find a Romeo, really, truly—yet
She's "wedded to her art."

An LL. D. I'm now beholding,
Lengthy arguments unfolding,
And we shout with those Venetians.
 “ A Daniel come to judgment ! Heed ! ”
Obdurate she stands. Entreating
Will not move her till completing,
Her opponents she's defeating,—
 This fine lawyer. Daisy Read.

Ellen Richardson, the darling
Of the Practice School ! The starling
Prisoned in his cage no sweeter
 Trills his music wild and free.
And the crowd, enraptured, breathless,
Listens to thy music deathless,
This is what the prophet saith. Less
 I could not tell to thee.

And now my own, so long expected,
I shall show the clear reflected
Brightness of the mathematics
 Radiance emanating here.

* * * * *

But the cruel fates denied me
More to learn of those beside me
And I closed the book and hied me
 To my couch,—for dawn was near.



Class Songs.

Sung January 27th.

[*Tune of "Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt."*]

In this school we have toiled for years, dear friends,
Years that so swiftly have passed;
We have come from the first to the end, till to-night
Is that of our school-life the last.
There were days that were rosy and days that were hard,
Days when we thought we must fail;
But we've reached the goal now, the victory our own,
And, with joy, our laurels we hail.

And, when we have left you, we'll never forget
Days we have spent in these walls;
We'll remember the lessons we learned those days,
And go where our duty calls
We'll remember the school-room, the teacher, the test,
The matron with loyal heart;
And the many dear friends who have loved us while here—
From all these to-night we must part

In the years that are coming to us, dear friends,
Years the future holds in store,
We shall do with our might what the present demands,
And think of the struggle no more;
For the past holds for us only visions of light,
Bright dreams of the days that are gone;
So we'll bury to-night every sorrow of the past,
And think of its joys alone.

[*To tune of "Old Kentucky Home."*]

Our hearts are sad and our voices full of sighs,
As we leave our friends so dear;
But the world seems bright, and we're little loath to go,
And end, thus, our school career.
All along the halls our songs have rung the last,
So merry, so happy, so bright;
We've a smile for the future, and a sigh for the past,
As we bid our Alma Mater good-night.

Oh, the way seemed long, but we've reached the end at last,
The end of our normal school days;
And yet we know we have only just begun,
When we leave and go our different ways.
We have chosen a watchword to be our rule,
Forever to urge us on;
Great things may we do for the Purple and the Gold
Entwining our motto, "Wuton."

CHORUS.

Here's to the Purple, and here's to the Gold,
We will sing one song for the Class of '99,
For the Class of February, '99.

After Second Chorus—

And in after years when we are far away,
We will keep our hearts forever firm and true,
To the Normal and the Class of '99.

We, the undersigned, do hereby record our promise that, as a class, we will present some tangible expression of our felicity to the member of our class who first leaves this state of single blessedness for the uncertain waves of the matrimonial sea; she being in duty bound to give us one month's notice.

Signed:

Neely B Preston

Suey & Wright E.E.E.

Lucy H. Thornton E.E.E.

Martha Lint Heatherston E.E.E.

Carrie Brown Taliaferro

Ellen Thom Raghavan S.S.S.

Daisy Read. Lily Rose Carter.

Alia Agnes Scott S.S.S.

Sallie Jackson Michie S.S.S.

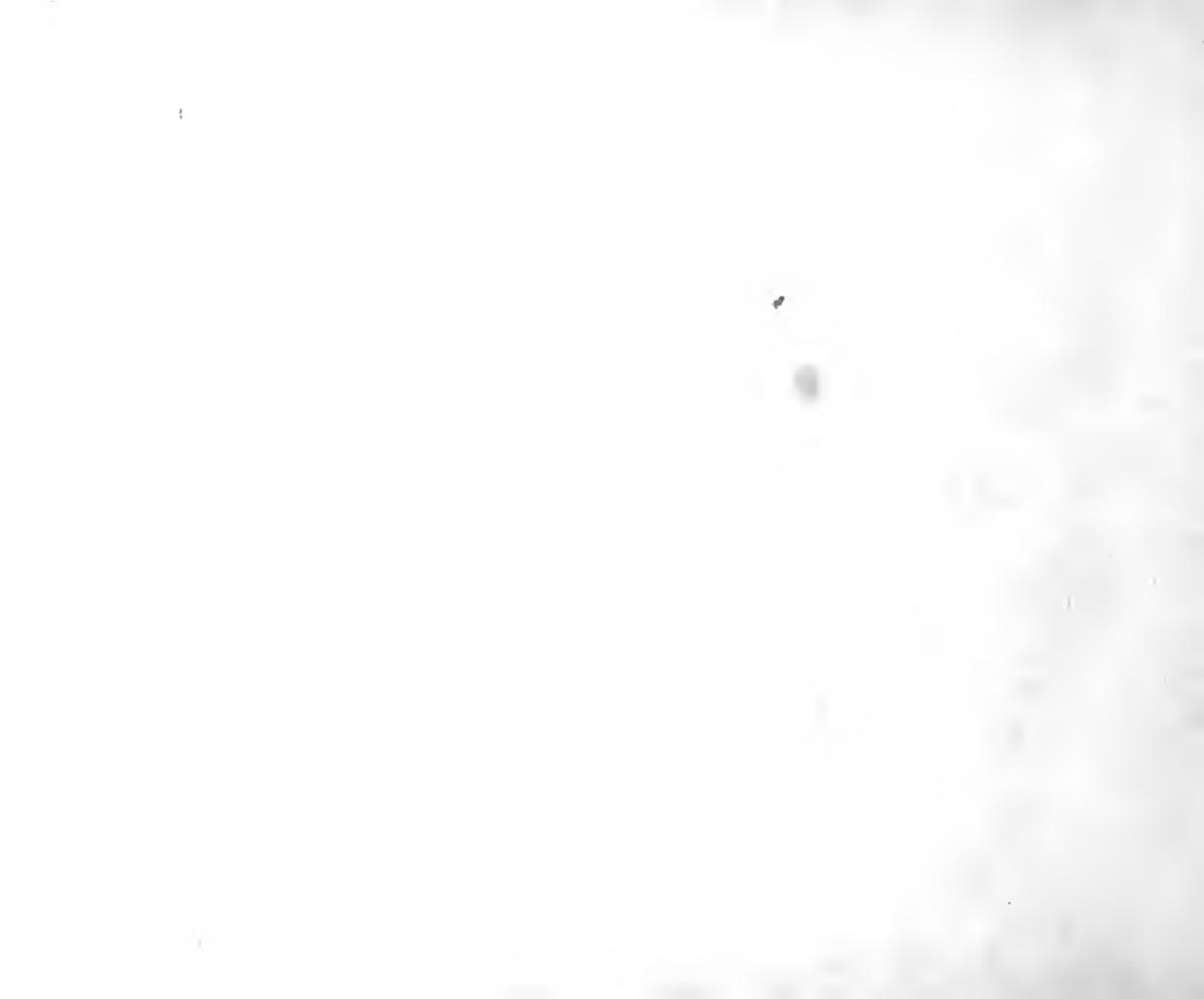
Julia Webster Vaughan K.A.







CLASS OF JUNE, '99.



Class of June, '99.

Color.

Olive Green.

Flower.

Marechal Niel Roses.

Motto.

Push Forward.

Officers.

PRESIDENT, ELLA NEVILLE GODWIN,
TREASURER, RUBY LEIGH,
HISTORIAN, MATILDA JONES,
PROPHETESS, NELLIE JORDAN.

ARMSTRONG, ELLEN	DRIVER, FRANCES	JORDAN, NELLIE	LEIGH, RUBIE
COLEMAN, ALICE	FRANKE, FLORENCE	LEACHE, ANNIE	OSBORNE, ALVURDA
COLEMAN, ETHEL	GODWIN, ELLA	LEWIS, DELLA	SOMERS, LOLA
CLIBORNE, SALLIE	JONES, MATILDA	LANCASTER, NATALIE	WELSH, ALICE



Class of June, '99.

"SOME men are born great, some achieve greatness, others have greatness thrust upon them," I am all three,—not men,—but I was born (it is a great thing to live), I was promoted to the Senior A Class, and, greatest of all, elected prophet of Class June, '99.

In days of old it was the custom of prophets to have periods of fasting before performing the duties of office; the latter-day prophets go through a series of feasting and thereby dream dreams and see visions not thought of by the prophets of olden time.

The possibilities that lie in the schoolgirl's stand-by, a bag of peanuts, are not to be estimated. My friends, knowing the virtue of the innocent pea, do the honors of the occasion by a treat. I partake freely; my friends leave me alone in my glory and I sit looking into the flickering firelight,

"As in some middle state,
Seeing, I saw not, hearing not, I heard."

The past with its joys and sorrows coming up before me, I turn, contemplatively, to read in the pictures cast, our future, the future of the sixteen. Does life mean any more to us than the mere living? As I gaze into the glowing fire, I am startled! I hear a voice, it must have been the third-floor rat, quadruped which is perched on my mantel. The voice said, "Look." I am no longer in my nest of a room, but in a crowded city; I see the multitude surging to and fro; on the corner I see a great mass of humanity congregated and I ask, "What is this?" The voice tells me, "The Salvation Army is encamped here, and there is the successor of Mrs. Ballington Booth." I look as the blue uniformed captain rises to give orders, and see there is something strangely familiar. The captain reads the text, "Do or die," and I recognize in Captain Jones our Matilda. I look to the right of Captain Jones and see Lieutenant Godwin vigorously

rattling the tambourine, showing the same earnestness of spirit as when she took the character of "Folly," at our school german.

The voice tells me to "move on." I turn sadly away, for it seems all the greatness must have fallen on the shoulders of our leaders; I follow on, and am led to what I find to be a great newspaper establishment. I see the great presses and busy printers; I notice, too, something striking about the paper, it is all blue. I am puzzled. The accommodating voice said, " You are in the office of the *Richmond Daily — Letter.*" I could not understand if it were "News Letter" or "Love Letter," but all is made plain when I find the editress is our "Fair Alice." As I pass through this great establishment I notice a little office off to itself. I pause, for I see over the door, "Office of the correspondent of the T. C. C. and C. Co. I look in and there is my friend from the mountains, Annette, pouring over type-written letters. I sigh, for, "'T was ever thus."

"Come," the voice again said. I leave Alice and Annette fulfilling their destinies and turn to look for the others, wondering if they had sought a public life. To find them, I first go to the higher institutions of learning, feeling sure, that after the life of preparation, some had found their

way up the ladder of fame, and their mission as a teacher realized, but my search is a vain one, they are not there; I go to the public schools, but am disappointed. I am happy when the thought comes to me, perhaps they hope to do missionary work in some mountain district. I hasten to the little log schoolhouse perched on the lone mountain side, feeling sure I shall be rewarded; but here, too, I am disappointed. I wander on alone with a persevering spirit, acquired by a year's experience at the Normal School, I search the hospitals, thinking some of our soldier-loving girls had found their life's work in the life of a trained nurse; but here, too, disappointed, I turn to the professional world, feeling sure that such talent as displayed by the different members has graced some profession. An emotion of pride springs into my heart; I know I shall see Lola, the mathematician, and Alice, whose manner could convince a jury of twelve that parallel lines bisect, and Natalie; and, in fact, all the rest. A stimulus is applied by the thought of the greatness awaiting my comrades, and I joyfully continue my way; but after a thorough search I am sick at heart, for there is no trace of the missing class. Another hope comes to which I cling. The mission fields; their work is there,

and I reproach myself for not having thought of this before. How capable were those girls of performing that work. Sallie, Ruby, Ellen, so thoughtful; on many times they had shown their love for humanity. I hasten on, knowing my search will at last be rewarded; but, alas! not found. Faint, broken-hearted, in despair, I cry, "Where are all once dear to me?"

Let this vain world ensnare no more. I am startled! I hear the sweet song of a choir invisible, and in that choir I recognize the voices of Ruby, so sympathetic, helpful Sallie, modest Ethel, Lola, the conceited, orderly Della, ambitious Florence, vain Alice, Natalie, the baby, persistent Frances, and Miss Sarah's right hand, our loving Ellen, all singing in sweet accord,—

" Peace troubled heart, life's ever mocking seeming,
Life's death, life's aching sense of loss,
Are fitful phantoms of its transient dreaming,"—

And the refrain of the song is, "We are married, We are happy." The sound dies away like myriads of rivulets hurrying through the lawn, "the moan of doves, the murmuring of bees."

Yes, they had chosen the better part, a woman's mission, queen of the home. And yet

I am not satisfied. Where is my better half? She is missing.

The scene changes and I am in a crowded theater. As I gaze on the picture before me, strains of sweetest music reach my ear; Miss Osburn is reaching the hearts of the people through her loved violin—her ambition for a life on the stage is realized. I then eagerly ask, "What is my future, my destiny?" "Do great things await me?" The unknown voice responds, "Yes, you had a future, but in the distribution of talents, the name of your better half was called twice and she took her ten talents and your one." Despairingly, I cry, "Is there nothing left?" The voice relentlessly replies, "No, you were to have married, but when the ceremony was performed the minister married Miss Osburn off instead of you." "Well," I ask, "Am I myself or my better half?" I hear a voice, not made of dreams nor heard in visions. The voice said, "Both in bed?" The ashes fall, rat jumps, so do I! The door closes, the room is left to darkness, and, to me. I creep silently to bed, pondering on the greatness of the doctrine of predestination.

J. (not O.)



CLASS OF FEBRUARY, 1900



Class of February, '00.

PRESIDENT,	MATTIE HENDERSON.
VICE PRESIDENT,	KELLOGG HOLLAND.
TREASURER,	VIVIAN BINNS.
HISTORIAN,	ELIZABETH WATKINS.

BINNS, VIVIAN	HOLLAND, KELLOGG
CHIERNALUT, HESSIE	HOUSTON, BRUCE
CHILTON, JULIA	HOWARD, IDA
CULPEPPER, LIZZIE	LAW, ANNIE
DAVIS, LOUISE	McPHEETERS, TILLIE
ELCAN, GRACE	MILLER, MARTHA
FLEMING, EVA	NEAL, MARY
GOODE, MADGE	PIERCE, LIZZIE
GOODWIN, JOSEPHINE	SHELBURNE, BESSIE
HAWKINS, CELIA	SLOAN, MAY
HENDERSON, MATTIE	WATKINS, ELIZABETH
HENNING, LILY	WILSON, MELITA.

Class of February, '00.

WHEN we last left you as humble Second A's, we promised to tell you more about ourselves. Do you want to hear? It seems long since then, and yet it has been only one brief year; but, oh, what changes it has wrought! Now we are Senior B's! To those who have experienced this phase of normal life, no word is necessary; to those who have not, tongue could not tell nor pen describe the significance of that term.

In September last, we found ourselves enrolled as Junior B's, and for four months we delved in Trigonometric functions and Vergilistic song. Then, too, we dipped into science groping in the realm of light, yet strange to say the further we traveled darker grew the way.

February came at last, and found us all (?) ready to enter upon the duties of professionals. Great was the joy and yet there was sorrow too, occasioned by the loss of one of our members, "Little Jule." "Jule" decided that the teacher's calling was not hers: she, the coming Rosa

Bonheur, aspires to—but ah! let us wait and see. But why should we grieve when "Stump," sublime creature! remains with us: but (*entre nous*) we are fearful of dropping her in June. Then, too, we have our little Tidewater "Potato Bug," our "elegant girl" and "Louise," favorites with us all. But we would not have you forget for worlds our indisputable authority on all subjects, "Miss Randolph."

Our experiences during this term were many and varied. There were failures and weepings and successes and rejoicings. How well we remember them all! What Junior's heart does not soften at the thought of "Tarr," and whose pulse does not undergo magnetic fluctuations on hearing the name of "Fiske" or "Fitch" or "Bailey"—"delightful Bailey."

Would you like to hear some of our experiences? But oh! the candle is growing dim, the fire burns low in the grate, the midnight hour is drawing near, again we will have to say—"Good-bye." "WEE."



Class of June, '00.

ARMSTRONG, SADIE

CARTER, MADGE

CHEATHAM, LILLIAN,

CHILTON, LAURA

CLARK, MAMIE

CLEMENTS, NORMA

COX, VENNIE

CRAFFORD, HELEN

DANIEL, MARY

MUNDY, NELLIE

FLOURNOY, MARTHA

OWEN, HALLIE

OWEN, PORTIA

ROYALL, NANNIE

SCOTT, LUCIA

SMITH, FANNIE

SPARKS, MARY

WELLS, BESSIE

WILLIAMS, JANIE

Class of June, 1900.

We are the pride of our college,
The brightest stars in its skies,
And we are so burdened with knowledge
That higher we scarcely can rise.
We know all about all kinds
Of triangles, circles, degrees,
Oh! we have brilliant minds.
We are the Junior B's.

For months we patiently wrought,
And for wisdom earnestly sought,
But now enthroned in our brains,
The fair Minerva reigns.
Aye, one, with a book, at pleasure
Could go forth and conquer a school
And two, the skies could measure
Or turbulent pupils rule.

We are the students of science,
And we are historians true,
Putting all rules at defiance
In physics and history too;
For by one it was soberly told
That in eighty and two B. C.
Steam engines in Richmond were sold:
Oh! she is a wise Junior B.

We are true English scholars,
For once a wise Junior B
Told our former English Professor,
In sifting a smile,
That the stormy winds did wrangle,
Did wrestle with the trees
As Jacob of old with the *angle*.
Oh! we are the wise Junior B's.

One year! then diplomas we 'll earn
In this school for women so wise,
And nothing will be left to learn
Of the ocean, the earth, or the skies.
I know not what then we shall do—
Perhaps teach bad boys their A B C's.
And some the three R's *may* try too.
Oh! honor the Junior B's.



Class of February, '01.

ALEXANDER, NANNIE	JACKSON, JENNIE
ATKINSON, ALICE	JONES, CAMMIE,
BIRD, FLORENCE	POLLARD, ANNIE
CARPER, BESSIE	RIXEY, MARY
CARTER, MADGE	SCOTT, LUCIA
COX, COURTESY	SMITH, FANNIE
FLOURNOY, MARTIA	SNEAD, ADA
HARRIS, ESSIE	WATKINS, MARIAN
HOOK, LILLIAN	WHITEHEAD, ANNIE
HAUPT, ELLA	WILLIAMS, ROSA

Class of February, '01.

Of all the classes in school, ours, of course, is the most promising and the most interesting. If no one else thinks so, we do; and a good opinion of one's self is very stimulating to a broken spirit. We are generally too brilliant to be entirely crushed, however; and, knowing what we do know, it is hard for any one to crush us. There is no use saying that we work. Any one who has ever seen us would know that; but we do have moments when we dream of the perfect bliss of rest. For instance in the Math. Class. A girl has forgotten herself in a grave reverie. She sees again her home, but has time to go over only a few of the happy scenes of her home-life, when she is awakened by a voice saying, "Miss A, will you come to the board and demonstrate this theorem?" Miss A rises and goes to the board. She gazes blankly at the figure before her. Her lips seem sealed by some unkind fate. She slowly shakes her head. When the, "You are excused Miss A; Miss B, come to the board, please," greets her expectant ear, she turns, and with a sickly smile, a mere attempt at bravado, comes sadly back to her seat. Picture to yourself such an awakening from a poetical reverie!

Even in the class in which we are being made into poets, the unpoetical is thrust upon us.

Imagine a discussion of whether poets are right in speaking of hair as "snow white;" and also conjure up in your mind an opinion from one of our promising members, "Yes'm when it is clean!" "Stone men without arms," are rather unpoetical beings. Yet such astonishing beings were created in the fertile brain of a member of the English History Class. Our songs move others to tears and we ourselves often feel sadly depressed after we have executed several pages of exercises. One of us is trying to learn to sing alto, and she makes a mistake now and then. The effect is heightened by some one in the Young Women's Christian Association room dolefully singing, "Oh, where shall rest be found."

Drawing? Oh, yes; I am coming to that. We draw well, if you take into consideration the fact that we are being made into designers. We rarely have to tell people what units we have used, or, at least, not more than once. They always understand after the second explanation.

The girls of the lower classes begin to look up to us somewhat, and to ask our opinions on subjects of considerable importance. There is a saying, that, "A little makes us wish for more," and it is so in our case. We are looking forward hopefully to the time when all of the classes will look up to us.

J. J.



Class of June, '01.

ARMISTEAD, JENNIE
BALTIMORE, VIRGINIA
BARNES, EMMA
BIDGOOD, SALLIE
CONDREY, BLANCHE
DENNY, MARY
HILL, BLANCHE GRAY, BESSIE
HINER, LUCY HENDERSON, RACHEL
HOLLADAY, MARY
HOGG, SARAH
HAGWOOD, LOUISE
HOLMAN, MARTHA
HUNT, FANNY
JOHNSON, MINNIE
KAY, CORA
LEACHE, SALLIE
MARSHALL, LENA
PRICE, KATE
SCHLEGEL, KATE
SNEAD, ADA
STOKES, SALLIE
WATTERSON, PEARL
WINFIELD, FLORENCE
WHITEHEAD, ANNIE
WADE, MAMIE
ISEMAN, HATTIE
KEISTER, LILLIAN
LEASON, LAIRD
LUCKE, JOSIE
MARTIN, BLANCHE
PALMER, BESSIE
STAPLES, LOTTIE
STUBBS, LUCY
TAYLOR, MARTHA
WHEALTON, JANIE
WORD, LUCY
WILKERSON, MARY

Class of June, '01.

ONLY those who have experienced it can understand how dignified and proud we felt on the first morning of the new term, as we took our places in the Second B seats at chapel. But our hearts sank when we were initiated into the mysteries of Geometry and Chemistry, and we came to the wise conclusion that we knew nothing, after all. One of our number feels it to be her duty to break a dozen or more flasks every day in the laboratory, and by way of variety, have an awful explosion twice a week. When the star of our class was asked by the Professor of Mathematics to give the definition of a right angle, she replied, "Two straight lines that will not meet, however far produced, form a right angle," and was immediately demolished. I am sure you would not have blamed us for being discouraged, if you had heard the following dialogue which took place in the English class-room: Prof. S.—"What is the relation existing between the verb and its

object?" Miss L.—"They are first cousins." But our spirits are rising rapidly, because after several weeks of hard study any member of the class can prove that all right angles are equal, and none of us ever say now that adjectives modify verbs. Our class, like all others, is made up of few good, some bad, and many indifferent girls. We rejoice to tell you that some of us hold up our hands so often that they are becoming automatic and fly up on all occasions. We have several Solomons who can solve any problem, and read any Latin that has ever been composed. And one of us, although at first the baskets which she drew could not be distinguished from blocks, is now thinking seriously of applying for the position of assistant drawing teacher. Now, don't you think that we shall travel from Second B to Senior A in a much shorter time than any Second B class has done before us? We do.

"BUMBUCE."

Class of February, '02.



ANDERSON, SARAH	HARRIS, ORA
ARMISTEAD, EVA	HARVIE, OTELIA,
ARVIN, ETHEL	HODGES, IRENE
BIDGOOD, MOLLIE	HUNT, ROBERTA
BLANTON, BELLE	HILLMAN, SALLIE
BOTELER, EFFIE	HESLIP, INEZ
BOYD, ELSIE	JOYNER, ESSIE
BRACY, JENNIE	KAY, LUCY
BURKS, ANNIE	KING, EMMA
CRAFFORD, EMMA	LACKEY, CHLOE
MOORE, WILLIE,	CURTIS, NANNIE,
PAINTER, ELLEN	DIGGS, IRENE
PERCIFULL, HELOISE	EGLIN, LUCY
POWERS, MARY	FOSTER, IDA
SPIERS, MAUD	FURR, MABEL
STEWART LULA	GARROW, GEORGIE
VIA, LOUISE	GILMAN, PARKE
WILKERSON, MARY	GRAVELEY, SALLIE
WINFIELD, FLORENCE	GROSSCLOSE, MAMIE

Class of February, '02.

THE First A Class this term is, for the most part, composed of girls who have faced the tasks and difficulties of the First B and came off victorios. You can see us any morning as we meet in the assembly hall, the duties of the day before us. After the opening exercises we march soberly out behind the Second B's, and enter the Latin class-room. For fear some of the readers of this sketch will never be able to have the pleasure of hearing this class recite, I will give you a few instances of the fertility of our brains. One young lady, when asked the Latin word for father-in-law, exclaimed excitedly, "Sancer! Saucer!" Another being asked to describe a wild boar, answered in a frightened tone of voice, "I never saw one." In English also this class excels. The way we parse sentences and conjugate verbs is worthy of notice.

Our talent for distinguishing the active from the passive voice is an undisputed fact. One of the students, with the best intention, described Mungo Park, that merry old sea-farer, as a writer and student of theology. In History our pronunciation is remarkable, and our knowledge uncommon. For instance one girl, when asked who discovered America, answered without hesitation, "Nebuchadnezzar." The drawings we present to the patient teacher of that art are really chef-d'oeuvres. And when we lift up our voices in the music class I am sure it would affect you deeply, as it does the music teacher, for, as a general thing, she has a bad headache after getting through with the First A's. We are also distinguished Algebra pupils. It is no unusual thing to hear the question, "Do you multiply exponents in multiplication?"; and we

are sometimes sure that like signs give minus and unlike signs give plus. Besides being thorough in our recitations, we are very original. One young lady, while talking to a friend, heard some geese making an unusual amount of noise in the normal school yard. "Are those things ducks?" she asked. Her companion answered in a surprised tone, "Why, I am shocked you do not recognize the voices of your own brothers

and sisters." The young lady patted her approvingly on the head for this bright remark, but immediately snatched her hand away, exclaiming, "I forgot that I was patting a block-head, and I have stuck a splinter in my finger." And now, after reading of our many brilliant traits, I am sure every one will agree with me in my estimate of the First A's.

Class of June, '02.



ALLEN, LOUISE	FITCHETT, HARRIETT
AMOS, MARY	FITCHETT, SADIE
ANDERTON, BESSIE	FOSTER, MAGGIE
ARMISTEAD, EVA	GODWIN, DELIA
BOONE, JANETTE	HIX, CARRIE
BOTELER, EFFIE	HOLMAN, JULIA
CARICO, TIBITHA	JAMES, GEORGIE
CARWILE, ALMA	JOHNSON, MINNIE
CUTHERELL, SUE	JOHNSON, EMELINE
DIGGS, IRENE	JOHNSON, OLIE
ELLIOTT, MAYME	LANDIS, EDNA
LAYMAN, LOLLIE	SHOTWELL, KATE
McALLISTER, ALICE	SHOTWELL, MAUDE
MILLER, LIDIE	SINCLAIR, KATE
MOORE, BETTIE	SMITH, LOUISE
PAGE, ANNA	SMITH, ROSA
POATS, ELLA	SPEARS, EVA
POWELL, ANGIE	SPITZER, ANNIE
ROSSER, ESTELLE	WYNNE, EFFIE
SANDERLIN, ETHEL	WEST, ALMA
SHACKELFORD, MARY	WADE, MAMIE

Class of June, '02.

WE BABES we are. The First B is composed of girls of every kind. We claim the darkest brunette in the school and the most dazzling blonde. Besides, we have every shade of nondescriptness between those two. We were conceited until we learned one Monday morning in Science Hall that we did not even know how to count, add, subtract or multiply. We do understand one fundamental process of Arithmetic, however, as we have divided our attention mathematically between books and another subject which shall be nameless. In English, we give the gravest consideration to the

distinction between "ingenuous" and "ingenious," and solve the difficulty by deciding that a man may be both skillful and candid. That is our way of doing things. It was left for one of our number to discover that Virginia was named for the Virgin Mary, but we do not selfishly keep the knowledge to ourselves. We have learned to draw a vertical line instantly when called upon, and we rarely mistake an oblique one for a horizontal. When we stand before the teacher that we all love to face and she says "Dixie," the sound vibrates through our souls, so that proves we have souls; who doubts it?

Elective Class.

TYLER, JULIA.

Irregular Course.

BATTEN MARGARET,	PINNER, LIZZIE,
COLEMAN, MARY,	RANDOLPH, HEBE,
HAM, NANNETTE,	RANDOLPH, ELEANOR,
HINES, KATHARINE,	SIMMONS, LILLIAN,
JOHNS, PATSIE,	SPENCER, SALLIE,
JONES, HELEN,	SCOTT, SUSIE,
JONES, MAUD,	TRADER, KATE,
MERRICK, ISABEL,	WALKER, MARY BOOTH.

IN MEMORIAM :
JOHN PATTERSON FITZGERALD,
WILLIAM B. TALIAFERRO,
PHILIP W. MCKINNEY.



A little maid on prinking bent,
A veritable beauty seeker.



A little mouse on prying tent,
But where 's the pretty maid ?
Eureka !

Dormitory Rules.

- I. Always go out in the hall and yell as soon as the lights go out.
- II. Don't fail to steal a pitcher if you haven't one—likewise a blower.
- III. If your fire goes out be sure to borrow some from a neighbor so hers will go out too.
- IV. Stop sweeping six Saturdays prior to the end of the term.
- V. Trunk packing begins fifth Saturday before school closes.

- VI. Never return anything you borrow.
- VII. Begin humming as you come up stairs, gradually drift into singing as you reach the second floor, and from there to your room you are at liberty to whistle shrilly.
- VIII. It is not permissible to wear your own clothes if you can borrow some one else's.
- IX. Knock over at least one bottle of ink a week—"if you have no ink, go out and get some ink."



Ye Garden Of Marys.



"Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
With silver bells and cockle shells,
And pretty maids all in a row."

MISS MARY F. STONE,	The English Rose.	MARY ELLIOTT,	The Last Rose of Summer.
MARY RIXEY,	American Beauty.	MARY NEAL,	The Green Bay Tree.
MARY COLEMAN,	Forget-me-not.	MARY LAIRD LEASON,	Moon Flower.
MARY DANIEL,	Marigold.	MARY SLOAN,	Mayflower.
MARY POWERS,	Primrose.	MARY CAMPBELL JONES,	Ragged Robin (son).
MARY HOLLADAY,	Morning Glory.	MARY WADE,	Water Lily.
MARY SHACKLEFORD,	Lilies of the Valley.	MARY DENNY,	Lemon Geranium.
MARY SPARKS,	A Daisy.	MARY BOOTH WALKER,	Hyacinth.
MARY CLARKE,		MARY GROSSCLOSE,	The Palm.



Professional Hall.

Colors: All.

Motto: "To varnish nonsense with the charms of sound."

Ball: Had a little dog named Jack,
Put 'im on the railroad track,
Long came a' engine, choo, choo, choo,
Cut e' little doggin' right in two.

Place of Meeting: On Ella's Trunk.

Place of Meeting: Balcony.

Time of Meeting: 9:55—?

Chief Giggler,	ELIZABETH WATKINS.	Guardian Angel,	MAUD JONES.
Gatherer of News,	MARY RIXEY.	Chief Spooners,	LUCY STUBBS, GRACE ELCAN.
Maker of Fun,	"STUMP" GOODE.	Chief Sleeper,	VIVIAN BINNS.
Chief Eaters,	ALL.	Chief Student,	LIZZIE CULPEPPER.
Belle,	"BAT."	Honorary Member,	MATILDA JONES.



Color: Green.

Flower: Peach Blossom.

Song: "Little Log Cabin in the Lane."

Favorite Drink: Apple-Jack.

Favorite Dish: Apple Pie.

Motto: Study Hard, Sure to Fail.

OFFICERS.
 President,
 Vice-President,
 Secretary and Treasurer,
 Chief Cook and Bottle-Washer,
 Assistant Cook and Bottle-Washer,

BRUCE HOUSTON,
 ANNETTE LEACHE,
 ELLEN ARMSTRONG,
 RACHEL HENDERSON,
 SALLIE LEACHE,

KNOWN AS,
 "Bill"
 "Net"
 "L' Ellen"
 "Pete"
 "Jigger"

REMARKS.
 Preserver of Peace
 Our Gay Girl
 Our Pious Girl
 Heart Breaker
 Miss Sedate

Members.

NANNIE ALEXANDER,	"Alex"	Our Mathematician
JOSEPHINE GOODWIN,	"Joe"	Chief Giggler
ELLA GODWIN,	"El"	Our Senior
MATTIE HENDERSON,	"Little Tom"	Our Popular Girl
IDA HOWARD,	"Country"	Slow but Sure
HELEN JONES,	"Suiton"	Boys on the Brain
MATILDA JONES,	"Tilly"	Admires H(e)arts
NELLIE JORDAN,	"Jerry"	We'll live till we Die
ELLEN PAINTER,	"Sin"	Brown Eyes
MARY SPARKS,	"Srimp"	Spooner
SALLIE SPENCER,	"Speneer"	Store of Wit
MELITA WILSON,	"Jack"	Our Graceful Dancer



TUCKAHOE CLUB -

Colors: Brick dust red and potato bug yellow.

Motto: "Then take up the shovel and the hoe."

Place of Meeting: In Jones' tobacco field.

Characteristic: "We call a spade a spade."

" Mary Black from Hackaback "	DANIEL.	" Oh, to Grace "	ELCAN.
" I am Dreaming of Sweet Hallie "	OWEN.	" Lucile "	SCOTT.
" Lady Portia "	OWEN.	" Gold Elsie "	BOYD.
Tennyson's " Maud "	JONES.	" Sweet Marie "	COLEMAN.
" Fancy Dances "	SMITH.	" Little Annie Rooney "	PAGE.
" Dear Louise "	DAVIS.	" Madge Wildfire "	GOODE.
" Oh, don't you remember Sweet Alice "	ATKINSON.	" Sally in our Alley "	SPENSER.



Seaside Club.

Motto: "We are the only pebbles on the beach."

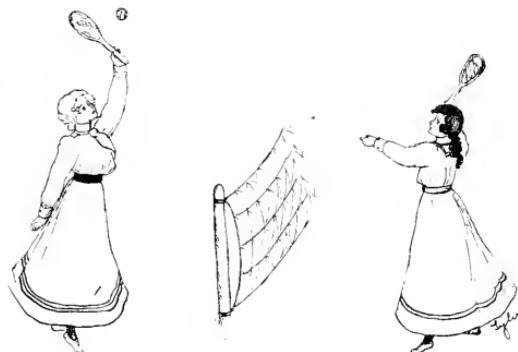
Colors: Ocean blue and coral red.

yell: "Remember the Maine."

Great big pebble,	MARGARET BATTEN.	darkest pebble,	CAMMIE JONES.
Little wee pebble,	LIZZIE WATKINS.	most polished pebble,	NANNETTE HAM.
Prettiest pebble,	ALICE COLEMAN.	two pebbles just alike	{ LAURA CHILTON, JULIA CHILTON.
Oddest pebble,	EMMA CRAFFORD.		
Roundest pebble,	HELEN CRAFFORD.		
Squarest pebble,	RUBY LEIGH.		
Fairest pebble,	VIVIAN BINNS.		
Rarest pebble,	JULIA TYLER.	a few other pebbles,	{ MINNIE JOHNSON, LIZZIE CULPEPPER, LIZZIE BRYAN, SARAH ANDERSON, FRANCES DRIVER, CHLOE LACKEY, LOUISE HOGWOOD,
Longest pebble,	LUCY STUBBS.		
Shortest pebble,	ETHEL COLEMAN.		
Youngest pebble,	KATE TRADER.		



THE ST. JOSEPH
LADIES TENNIS TEAM
1895



Tennis Club.

Members.

MISS ANDREWS,
MISS MOFFETT,
MISS PRITCHETT,
JULIA TYLER,
ELLA GODWIN,
VIVIAN BINNS,
RACHEL HENDERSON,
MAUD JONES,
HELEN JONES,
LUCY STUBBS,
GRACE ELCAN,
MARGARET BATTEN,
MARY DANIEL,
ALICE ATKINSON,
JULIA CHILTON,
LAURA CHILTON.



German Club.

Officers.

MARGARET BATTEEN, PRESIDENT.

RACHEL HENDERSON, VICE-PRESIDENT.

VIVIAN BINNS, SECRETARY AND TREASURER.

Members.

MARGARET L. BATTEEN.

RACHEL M. HENDERSON.

VIVIAN C. BINNS,

ELLA N. GODWIN,

MADGE W. GOODE,

MARY E. RIXEY,

SADIE ARMSTRONG,

MELITIA WILSON,

MARY DANIEL,

ALICE ATKINSON,

JULIA TYLER,

LUCY STUBBS,

PORTIA OWEN,

LUCIA SCOTT,

LIZZIE BRYAN,

HELEN CRAFFORD,

CHLOE LACKEY,

BRUCE HOUSTON,

MARY COLEMAN,

JULIA CHILTON,

LAURA CHILTON,

EVELYN BOISSEAU,

ANNETTE LEACH,

SALLIE LEACH,

NANNETTE HAM,

CAMMIE JONES,

MATTIE HENDERSON,

SUSIE SCOTT,

MARY B. WALKER.



GERMAN CLUB.



The Bicyclists.

LOLA SOMERS

BESSIE ANDERTON,

MOLLIE BIDGOOD,

MARGARET BATTEN,

MARY DANIEL,

ALICE ATKINSON,

LIZZIE BRYAN,

BETTY MOORE,

EFFIE WYNN,

HELEN CRAFFORD,

FANNIE SMITH.



H B T CLUB



Organized November 9th, 1898.

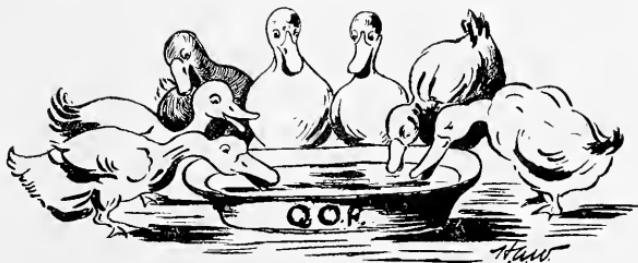
Motto: Fidelis causa.

SALLIE BOULDIN SPENCER,	G. C. M. M.	VIVIAN COLGIN BINNS,	M. G. P.
ALICE CAMERON WELSH,	V. C. M. M.	KATHERINE PRESTON SCHLEGEL,	M. C. R. C.
MARY ELIZABETH RIXEY,	P. T. E.	HATTYE ISEMAN,	P. A. B.
LOTTIE LATELLE STAPLES,	I. D. R. G.	ELIZABETH WELLS,	G. D. S.
ETHEL ESTELLE ARVIN,	P. G. C.		

Honoray Members.

FANNIE TALBOT LITTLETON,

LULU OCILLU ANDREWS.



Organized December 25th, 1898.

Place: Home of Niobe.

Purpose: To commemorate the time of year (So the stool fell over).

Motto: "Take it and stuff it down your throat."

Sign: Hand extended with palm toward the face.

Members.

NANNETTE HAM,	" Niobe"	MASTER OF BOWL.
MARGARET BATTEEN,	" Bat"	MIXER OF CONTENTS.
LIZZIE WATKINS,	" Pigmie"	DIGNITY OF OCCASION.
ALICE WELSH,	" Jacques"	COLLECTOR OF SPOONS.
CAMMIE JONES,	" Emsy"	SOLILOQUIZER.
JULIA TYLE,	" Little Jule"	LID-CRUSHER.

Moral: Where there's a will, there's a way.



Glee Club.

First Soprano.

MARY DANIEL,
VIVIAN BINNS,
SALLIE STOKES,
ROBBIE BERKELEY,
LOTTIE MCKINNEY,
GENEVIEVE VENABLE.

Second Soprano.

MISS STONE,
JULIA CHILTON,
JANIE WILLIAMS,
ALICE ATKINSON,
BESSIE GRAY.

First Alto.

ANNIE WHITEHEAD,
NORMA CLEMENTS,
NANNETTE HAM,
EMMA BARNES,
SARAH HOGG

Second Alto.

MISS COULLING,
MAMIE GROSSCLOSE,
IRENE HODGES,
MARY POWERS,
MARY COLEMAN,
ANNA PAGE,
WILLIE MOORE.

DIRECTOR

MISS ANDREWS.



Colors: Auburn and Red.

Motto: Forever we Shine.

Favorite Bird: Woodpecker.

Chief Light: Mrs. Quigley.

Beacon Lights

MARIAN WATKINS,

BESSIE SHELBURNE,

MAUD SPIERS,

Lesser Lights.

CARRIE HICKS, KATE SINCLAIR, SARAH HOGG, EMMA BARNES, CHLOE LACKEY, MARY DENNY.

Outside Light.

SARAH SPENCER, JR.

Lights Gone Out.

LELIA SCOTT,

LILY CARTER.



Pell.

Black and white, black and white,
We meet at night.

Who ? Hobo, hoho, hobo ?
No ! O. D. N. O.

Motto: Live to Eat.

Characteristic: Always Merry.

Members.

GRACE ESTELLE ELCAN,
VIVIAN COLGIN BINNS,
RACHEL HENDERSON,
LUCY CONWAY STUBBS,
MYRIE LOUISE DAVIS,
MARY ELIZABETH RIXEY.





KAPPA DELTA SORORITY



Alpha Chapter of Kappa Delta Sorority.

Motto: *Aegwoyle Othrum Tryue.*

Colors: Olive Green and Silver Gray.

Members.

JULIA GARDINER TYLER,

CHARLOTTE MCKINNEY,

MARY SOMMERVILLE SPARKS,

ELLA NEVILLE GODWIN,

JULIA WHEDBEE VAUGHAN,

HALLIE EASLEY OWEN,

EMMA GREER,

PORTIA LEE OWEN,

GENEVIEVE BACON VENABLE,

MARGARET WATKINS GOODE,

MATILDA MOORE JONES,

NANNETTE HAM,

HELEN GRAYSON JONES,

MARY BOOKER DANIEL.

Alpha Chapter of Sigma Sigma Sigma Sorority.

Colors: Moss Green and Violet Purple.

Motto: *Ηστός αγρικαπτόν.*

Chant: Rab, Rab, Rab; Re, Re, Re,
We're the Sigma Sigma Sigma. See!
Who are we? Who are we?
Girls of the Sigma Sorority.

Members.

NATALIE LANCASTER,

LELIA AGNES SCOTT,

MYRIE LOUISE DAVIS,

SALLIE JACKSON MICHIE,

ISABELLE NOYCE MERRICK,

ELIZABETH EGERTON WATKINS, MARY LAIRD LEASON,

MARY ELIZABETH RIXEY,

LUCY DANIEL THORNTON,

MARTHA TRENT FEATHERSTON,

ELLEN THOM RICHARDSON,

MARGARET LEE BATTEN,

LUCY CONWAY STUBBS,

LUCY ELIZABETH WRIGHT.



SIGMA SIGMA SIGMA SORORITY.



ZETA TAU ALPHA

Alpha Chapter of Zeta Tau Alpha Sorority.

Organized in the State Female Normal School, Farmville, Virginia, October 15th, 1895.

Colors: Turquoise Blue and Steel.

Flower: White Violet.

Members.

FRANCES YANCEY SMITH,

RUBY BLAND LEIGH,

DELLA ELIZABETH LEWIS,

ETHEL LEE COLEMAN,

MARY CAMPBELL JONES,

HELEN MAY CRAFFORD.

ELLEN BAXTER ARMSTRONG,

ODELLE AUSTIN WARREN, (Feb., '98)

Alice Welsh,

GRACE ESTELLE ELCAN,

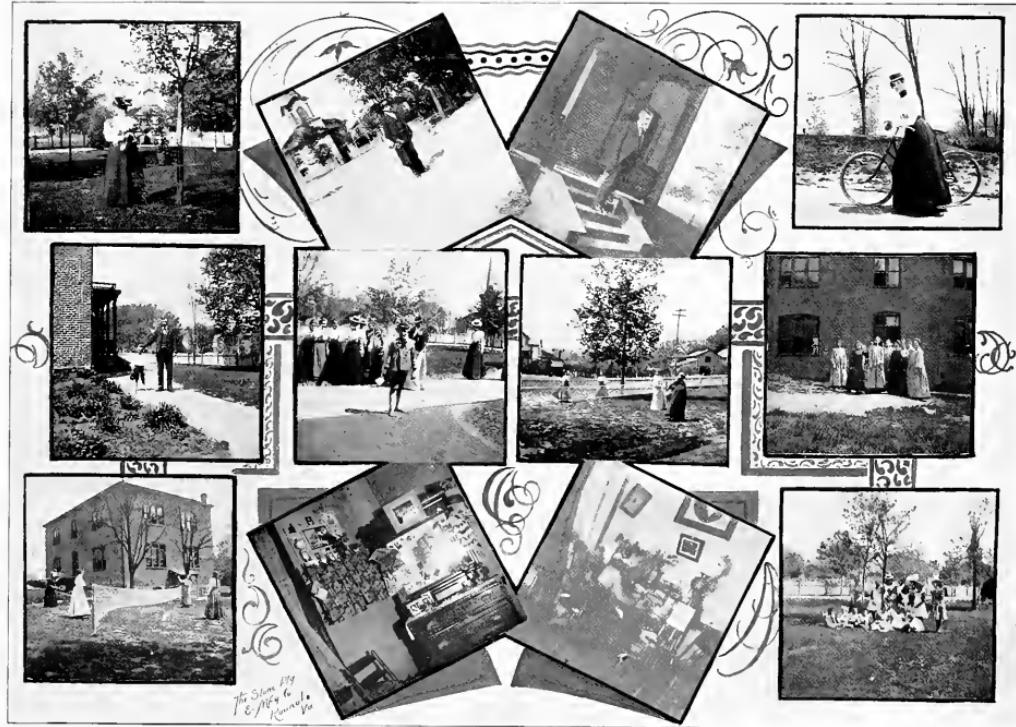
Alice Bland Coleman,

Alice Maud Jones.

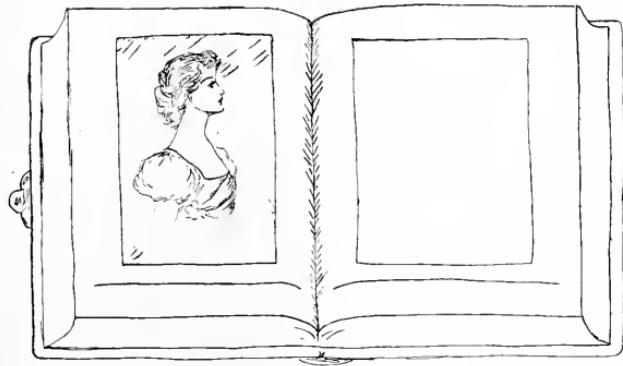


IT is with no small degree of satisfaction that we note the remarkable growth of our Young Women's Christian Association. It was organized in May, 1896, by one of our State secretaries, and has been steadily improving ever since that time. A large number of Bible classes is one of the main features of our Association. There are two Personal Workers classes among them. The members of these two classes try to fit themselves especially for personal Christian work among their fellow students. We have bi-weekly formal meetings in our chapel, which are well attended. As much interest, however, if not more, is manifested in the informal weekly prayer meetings, which are held in our Association room. Two delegates were sent last year to the Southern Summer Conference at Asheville by our Association. The reception, or social committee, has done its work better this year than ever before. There was a reception given at the beginning of each term to welcome the

new girls and make them feel at home. This committee has also afforded much pleasure to the students at different times during the session. The reading room, with its library and periodicals, is a great source of amusement to all of the girls. We are now planning to add much to the attractiveness of this room. There has been a change in the constitution since last year. The officers will be elected in March and serve for one year instead of in January, as was formerly done. We have not positively decided yet exactly how many representatives we will send to the Summer Conference this year, but certainly expect to send at least one. There are nearly one hundred members of our Association, and by far the majority of them Christian girls. It is impossible to estimate the great and glorious work done by this Association among the students through every one of its members, as well as through its committees.



KODAK VIEWS



A Tale That Was Told.

“**W**HAT a striking face,” I said, as I looked up from a picture in an old album; “it is not beautiful, and yet I never saw a finer brow or more expressive eyes and mouth.” It was a cold bleak evening in December, and Aunt Phyllis and I sat in her cosy little sitting-room, in one of those rambling old houses in

Tidewater, Virginia. There was nothing specially noticeable in the room, except a large portrait of a handsome young man, dressed in the style of the latter part of the nineteenth century, which hung over the mantelpiece.

The furniture of the room was rather miscellaneous; it seemed to me as if all the most

comfortable easy chairs and the softest conch of the house had been put here—Aunt Phyllis cared



nothing for style, and she had made it a distinctly homelike room, in which there was a certain air of refinement. This was her sanctum sanctorum—for the rest of the house was scrupulously up to date—and it was here that she told me this tale of the past.

"It is the picture of my dearest friend," the dear old lady said. I thought from her expression that there must be a story, so I waited quietly. "Brooke Norvell was my chum—as the girls termed it—in those dear old days in Farmville at the Normal. That was long ago—let me see," she said, looking into the blazing fire, as if the past were written there, "let me see, it must have been in '96, that last year we were at school. I remember well the day Brooke receive and invitation to Hampden-Sidney Intermediate from Jack Pierson's aunt, Mrs. Venable. It was on that trip that she met Ralph Hamlin," and the old lady smiled as she looked up at the portrait.

"Such a time as we had talking it all over when she came back: she had much to tell—as the girls always did when they had been to Hampden-Sidney—and I was a most willing listener. Jack Pierson was an old friend of Brooke's, whom she had known ever since they were children and went to school together in Lakewood.

I used to accuse her of being in love, but of course she would deny it, look at me in the most reproachful fashion and say, 'Oh, Phyllis, you're such a goose.' Still I always believed it and was not surprised when about a year later I got a letter from her, in which she said, 'By the way, Phyllis, dear, another swain has offered me his heart and hand. Who? No other than Ralph Hamlin! He proposed the other day in the most abrupt fashion, calculated to take my breath—not my heart—away. Of course you know my answer. He's a dear boy, but I never could love him, and time will prove that it was only a passing fancy of his.'

"During that winter Jack and Ralph came often to see Brooke, and the time sped rapidly by until finally June came, and with it our diplomas, which meant of course we must leave the old Normal forever. Therefore, it was a sad day although the sun shone brightly and we were laden with flowers, when we bade the girls good-bye and standing on the end of the train, got the last glimpse of Farmville. For two years both of us taught, Brooke declaring that she was cut out to be an old maid "schoolmarm," and I working doggedly along, trying to teach the "rule of three" to wooden-headed children. Some-

how or other in our letters during those two years we rarely if ever mentioned Ralph and only occasionally Brooke would say something about Jack.

"Father was at this time one of the professors of law at the University of Virginia. Both Brooke and I decided that we had had enough of teaching, so the day before Thanksgiving she came to spend the winter with us. In those days the great event of the season with the 'Varsity men was the game of football played at Richmond with North Carolina. I decided as all the men would be at that the day Brooke came, that I would give her a reception the night after Thanksgiving night, so I sent out cards to an "At home." I forgot to tell you that Ralph and Jack were both at the 'Varsity this year; neither did I tell Brooke, for I wished to see her look of surprise when she found it out. The evening of the reception she came down stairs looking so sweet and dainty in her simple organdie dress, that I wondered if all the boys would not lose their hearts—privately hoping," she added laughingly, "that there'd be a few left for me. This is her picture as she looked that night," and Aunt Phyllis turned the leaves of the album until she came to the same sweet face, and the same appeal-

ing eyes, only now it was the face of a woman, rather than that of a girl.



"I have not told you of Brooke's voice. Truly the angels in heaven can not sing much sweeter than she. Clear, rich, and sweet her notes rang out. I can hear her now as she used to sing to me in the twilight. Of course she sang at the reception, and just as she was in the midst of one of her sweetest songs, the door opened and Ralph and Jack were ushered in. I can never forget Jack's face—I knew from that minute that my suspicions were true. Brooke sang on, surrounded by a dozen admirers all waiting to talk to her when she should finish; when she turned from the piano, she looked up, straight into Jack's eyes. For a few seconds her face was crimson—beautiful, I thought she looked—then with the sweetest frankness, she extended her hand, "This is quite a surprise, Jack, I had no idea you were at the 'Varsity.'" "Nor I, you," he replied, and then to Jack's disgust she went to fulfill another engagement.

"Ralph?" Aunt Phyllis was actually blushing. "Oh, I thought I had told you that he had recovered from his love for Brooke, and they met as the best of friends."

"The night wore on;—Brooke told me of this afterwards; no one ever seemed to know how it happened,—about the time that the most of

the people were leaving, Jack and Brooke managed to drift into father's library, by one of those curious coincidences of fate—of course neither knew that the other was there. I need not tell you what passed between them; it was the same old story. He had only thought of her as a friend until they were separated, and then,—well, her singing that night decided the rest.

"When Brooke came up stairs her face was radiant; I noticed a little ring that Jack had always worn was on her hand, and I needed not to be told.

"In a few days Jack left for Manila very unexpectedly; their happiness had been brief, but

I never saw any one as brave as Brooke. She stood in the door and watched him walk rapidly down the long arcade; just as he got to the rotunda, he turned, raised his hat, and was gone. I have heard that it was bad luck to watch a person out of sight.

"Letters came and went across the Pacific as often as was possible. One day letters failed to come. It was not long before there was news of a battle, and among the names of the dead was Jack Pierson's."

Aunt Phyllis's eyes filled with tears, and I closed the album softly, and put it on the shelf.

A Song.



To the softest, sweetest melody,
That my very soul entrances,
Over the polished ball-room floor,
Sweet Polly gaily dances.

In gloss of satin, she passes by,
From under her lashes glancing.
Ah! Did she, know on—that selfsame night,
That into my heart she was dancing.

Margaret.

The birds had told of her coming,
Yet, felt I, sweet surprise,
When bending to look for violets,
I looked into her eyes.



The Virginia Normal League.

THIS association has been recently organized by the faculty and students of the Normal School. Its objects are stated as follows in the constitution:

First: To found and maintain by means of contributions, annual dues and otherwise, an aid fund for helping those unable to attend the school.

Second: To conduct an educational bureau as a means of free communication between trained teachers and school officials who desire the best gifts for their schools.

Third: To promote by whatever lawful means it may, the influence and usefulness of the State Female Normal School.

The annual fee is \$1.00. As the officers and those in charge of the various departments give their services, the money so obtained can be appropriated almost entire to the aid fund. All persons connected with the faculty, the society of

alumnae, or the student body of the school are eligible for membership. It is hoped that branch associations may be formed among the alumnae throughout the State. It will be seen that the league is a purely benevolent movement. It stands in the interest of the State, for better public schools, and hopes to reach a helping hand to those who, deserving and desiring an education, are yet unable to obtain it. The officers elected for the year were:

President, Miss FANNIE T. LITTLETON.

Vice-President, Miss LELIA J. HARVIE.

Secretary, Miss NORMA CLEMENTS.

Treasurer, Miss JULIA CHILTON.

Chairman of Education Committee, Miss M. W. COULLING.

Chairman of Finance Committee, Miss M. F. STONE.

Chairman of Aid Committee, Mrs. PORTIA LEE MORRISON.



Dorothy.

Comes she whose crown of mistletoe,
Doth saucily invite,
To ravish from her perfect mouth,
A moment's keen delight.

GRINDS



Grinds.

Eleanor Randolph.—“A progeny of learning.”

Nelly Mundy.—

“Who climbs the grammar tree distinctly knows,
Where noun and verb and participle grows.”

Ella Poats.—“Her stature tall—I hate a
dumpy woman.”

Margaret Batten.—“Oh, it is excellent to
have a giant’s strength, but it is tyrannous to use
it like a giant.”

Ellen Armstrong.—“Tush! tush! fear boys
with bugs.”

Mary Sparks.—

“Let the world slide,
I’ll not budge an inch.”

Norma Clements.—“It requires a surgical
operation to get a joke well into her under-
standing.”

Melita Wilson.—“Studiois of ease.”

Alice Atkinson.—“Tetchy and wayward.”

Vivian Binns.—“Blessings on him who first
invented sleep.”

Mamie Grossclose.—

“One of the few immortal names
That were not born to die.”

Maud Jones.—

“To doubt her fairness were to want an eye,
To doubt her pureness were to want a heart.”

Alice Coleman.—

“I dare not trust those eyes,
They dance in mists and dazzle with surprise.”

Portia Owen.—“I laugh at any mortal
thing.”

The Fitchetts.—“To sweet repast they
turn.”

Professional Hall.—“Eftsoones they heard a most melodious sound.”

Rachel Henderson.—“I hold he loves me best that calls me Tom.”

Madge Goode.—

“I am not only witty in myself
But the cause that wit is in other people.”

Annie Law.—“Mocking the air with colors idly spread.”

Alice Welsh.—

“Mark if to get letters she o'er skip the rest,
Mark if she read them twice or kiss the name.”

Julia Tyler.—“Her pencil drew whate'er her soul designed.”

Mary Holladay.—

“She might be silent and not cast away
Her sentences in vain.”

Sadie Fitchett.—“For seldom shall we hear a tale so sad, so tender, and so true.”

Sally Spenser.—“Renowned Spencer.”

Lucy Stubbs.—

“The light of love, the purity of grace
The mind, the music breathing from her face
The heart whose softness harmonized the whole,
And oh! that eye was in itself a soul.”

Mary Coleman.—

“Latin was no more difficult
Than to a blackbird 't is to whistle.”

Matilda Jones.—“And mistress of herself though China fall.”

Louise Davis.—

“Oh, blest with temper whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day.”

Tabitha Carrieoe.—

“A thousand fears
Still overawe when she appears.”

Annette Leach.—“Let mildness ever attend thy tongue.”

Cora and Lucy Kay.—“Like—but oh! how different.”

Lola Somers.—“Independence now, and independence forever.”

Martha Featherston.—“Mindful not of herself.”

Ethel Coleman.—“She is as gentle as zephyrs blowing below the violet.”

Della Lewis.—“I will be lord over myself.”

Bessie Shelburne.—“The over-curious are not over-wise.”

Lucia Scott.—“As merry as the day is long.”

Grace Elean.—“With her eyes in flood with laughter.”

Ella Godwin.—“Talk, talk, ye gods how she can talk.”

Ellen Painter.—“Those eyes,—so dark and so deep.”

Nelly Preston.—“So much one man can do that does both act and know.”

Fannie Smith.—

“Abashed the devil stood,
And felt how awful goodness is.”

Bruce Houston.—“Man, the tyrant of our sex, I hate.”

Josie Luck.—

“A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men.”

Nellie Jordan.—

“Blest with a taste exact, yet unconfined,
A knowledge both of books and human kind.”

Daisy Read.—“Deep versed in books as shallow in herself.”

Glee Club.—

“Sentimentally, I am disposed to harmony,
But, organically, I am incapable of a tune.”

Nannie Royal.—

“Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books consum'd the midnight oil?”

Vennie Cox.—

“And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all (s)he knew.”

Laird Leason.—“All nature wears one universal grin.”

Mary Daniel.—

“Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony.”

Ruby Leigh.—“A man who could make so vile a pun, would not scruple to pick a pocket.”

Lelia Scott.—

“In all thy humors,
Whether grave or mellow,
Thou 'rt such a testy, touchy, pleasant fellow,
Hast so much wit and mirth and spleen about thee,
There 's no living with thee or without thee.”

Lizzie Culpepper.—

“Studiose she sat with all her books around
Sinking from thought to thought—a vast profound.”

Hallie Owen.—“Behold dignity enthroned
in all her majesty.”

Elizabeth Watkins.—

“Of all the arts in which the wise excel,
Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well.”

Nanette Ham.—“Tie all thy cares up.”

Josephine Goodwin.—“Oh, I am stabbed with laughter.”

Helen Jones.—“Thou art pale in mighty studies grown.”

Mary Denny.—“You are above the little forms which circumscribe your sex.”







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